Marrying Her

"I'm sorry if it upsets you, but I'm going to marry her," said Dan.

"She isn't right for you," insisted our mother, whilst filling the kettle: her answer to everything. "I always liked Sarah. What happened to her?"

Dan didn't reply.

"I quite like Claire," I said, trying to meet them both halfway.

As if either cared for my opinion. I was the one my brother must do better than. Was I more than that? Would I ever be?

"Generous of you, Ruth. We actually don't need your lukewarm approval, but thanks all the same."

"She's old enough to be your - well, your..."

"My what, Mum? My wife?"

I stifled a giggle. Mum had walked into a conversational cul-de-sac with that one. Claire was nine years older than Dan. Whilst not an insignificant age gap, she really wasn't old enough to be much more than his older-than-himself girlfriend or, indeed, wife.

"Sarah," said Mum, "or how about that Jenny? Now, she was lovely."

I tried to remember whether Mum had been a fan of either Sarah or Jenny, when they had actually

been around. If my memory served me correctly, perhaps not so much.